

**MARVEL**

SOULE • DEL REY • LOPES

# DAREDEVIL

**#1**  
ANNUAL

FEATURING:  
THE RETURN OF  
**ECHO**



PLUS:  
**THE MULTIPLE MINDS  
OF MELVIN POTTER**  
by: MCKENZIE • TORRES • MRVA



WHEN MATT MURDOCK WAS A KID, HE LOST HIS SIGHT IN AN ACCIDENT INVOLVING A TRUCK CARRYING RADIOACTIVE CHEMICALS. THOUGH HE COULD NO LONGER SEE, THE CHEMICALS HEIGHTENED MURDOCK'S OTHER SENSES AND IMBUED HIM WITH AN AMAZING 360-RADAR SENSE. NOW MATT USES HIS ABILITIES TO FIGHT FOR HIS CITY. HE IS THE *MAN WITHOUT FEAR*. HE IS...

# DAREDEVIL

MATT MURDOCK BECAME A FAMOUS DEFENSE ATTORNEY BUT WAS EVENTUALLY FORCED TO PUBLICLY REVEAL HIS IDENTITY AS DAREDEVIL.

HE HAS MYSTERIOUSLY FOUND A WAY TO KEEP HIS SECRET FROM THE WORLD AGAIN AND HAS NOW BECOME A PROSECUTOR FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK. SIMILARLY MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES HAVE LEAD TO THE RESURRECTION OF MAYA LOPEZ, A.K.A. ECHO, WITH WHOM MATT HASN'T CROSSED PATHS WITH IN SOME TIME...

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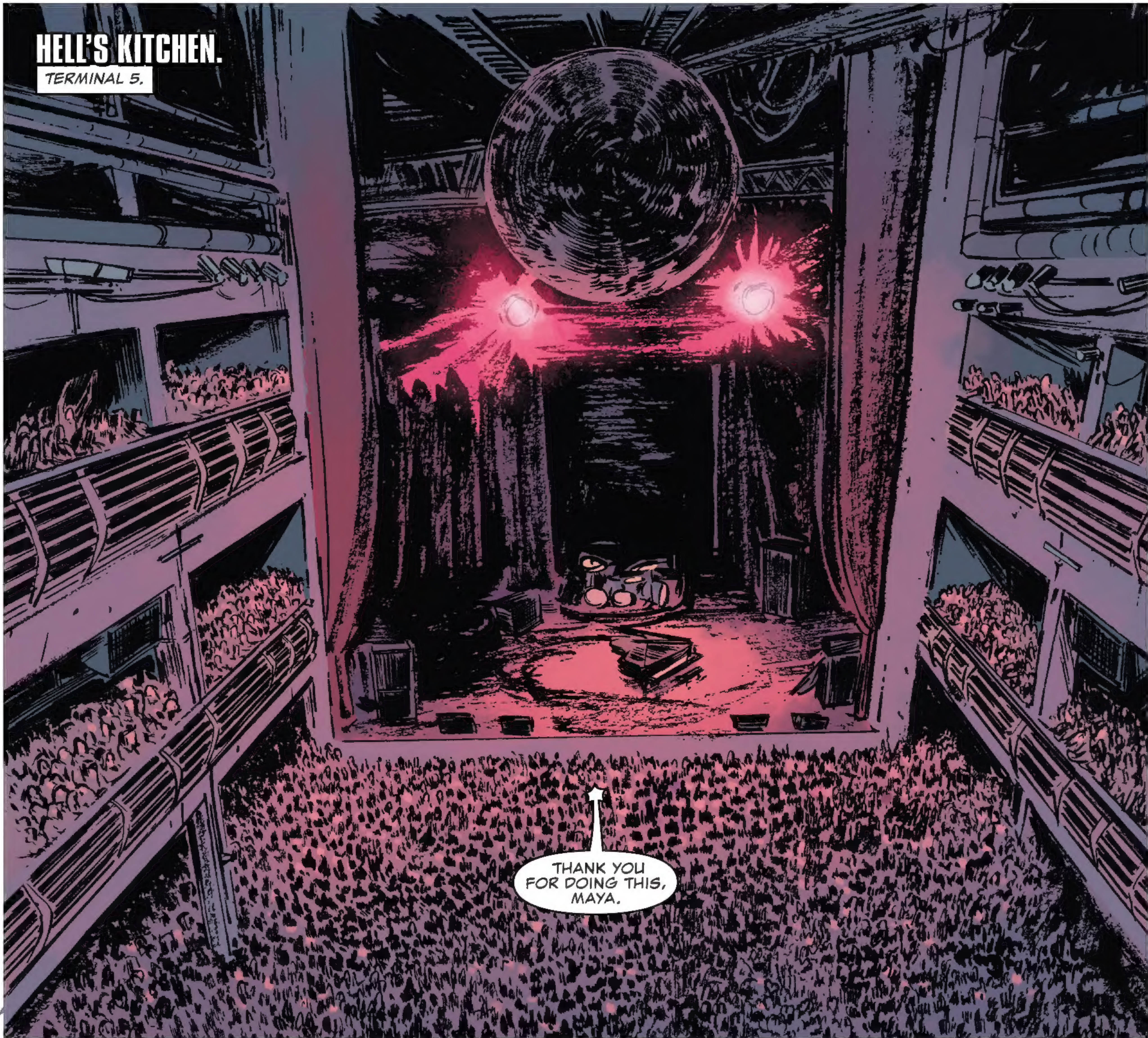
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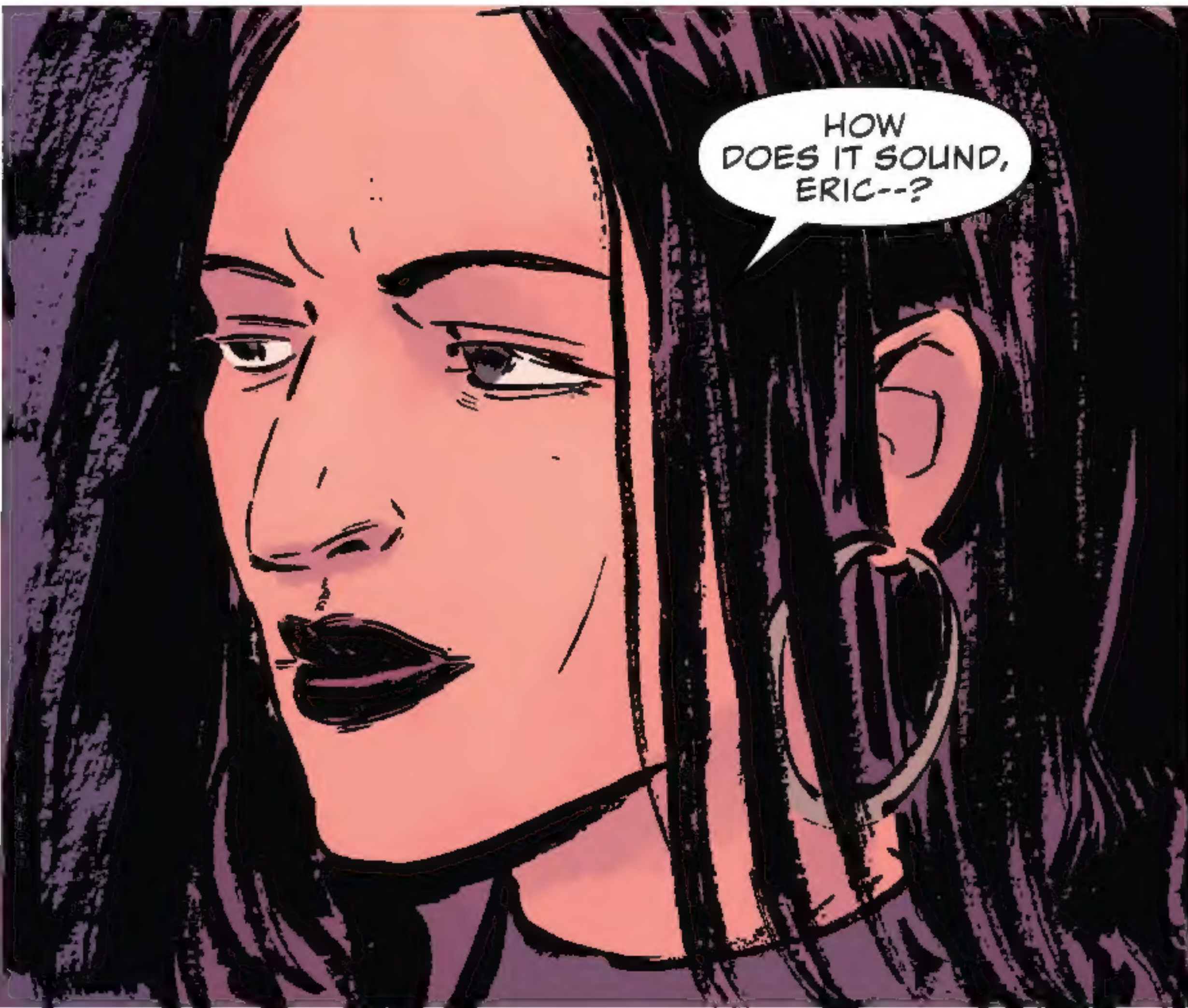
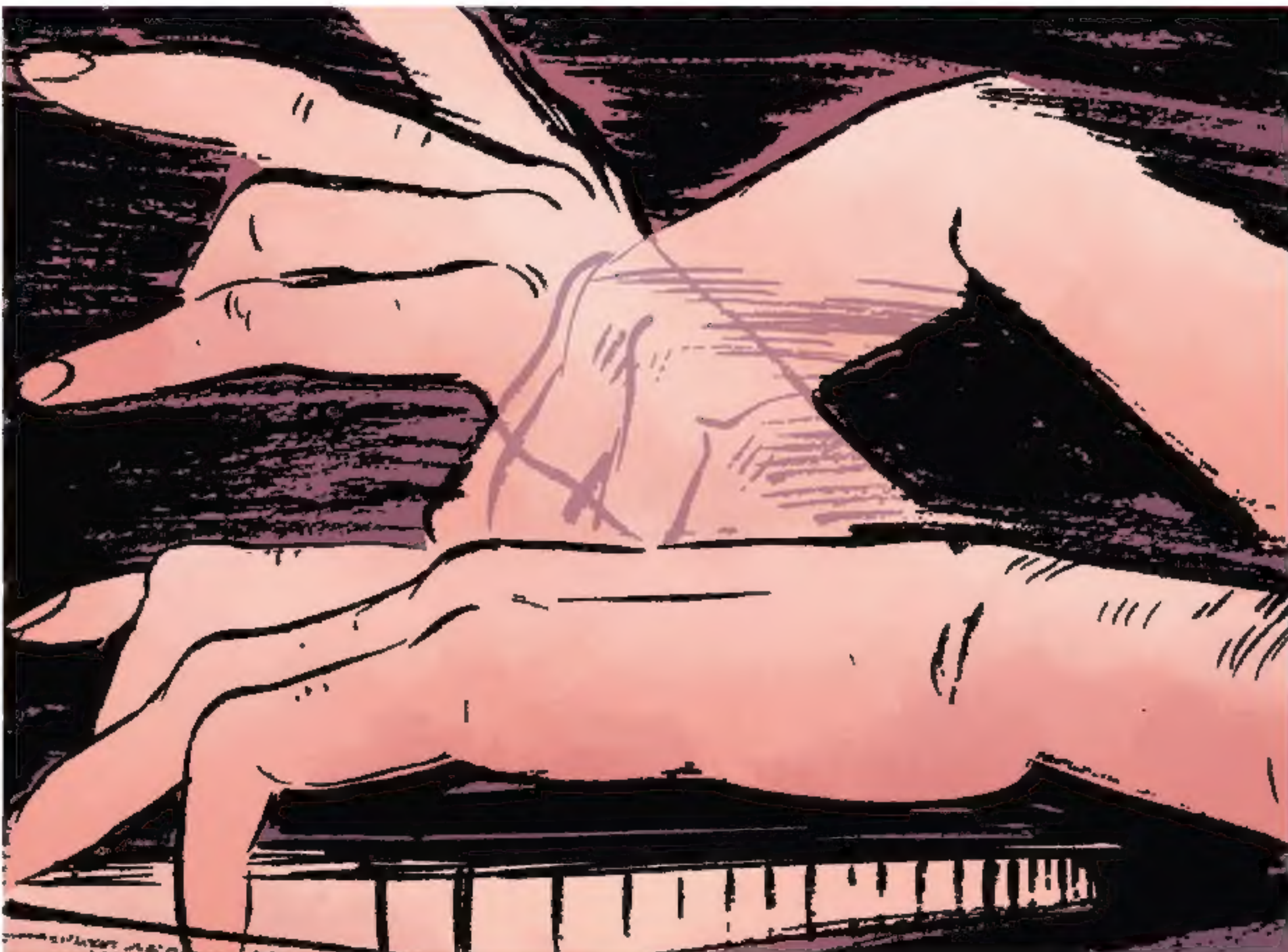




HELL'S KITCHEN.  
TERMINAL 5.









ERIC!  
ERIC! WHAT  
HAPPENED?

NO  
GAAH

OH, NO.

ERIC!

Well, this  
ain't good.





Whatever hit everyone in here was related to *sound*. That's why it didn't affect me.



Anyone who hears it *becomes* one of them. This thing will spread like wildfire. It'll take over the whole city.

Anyone who can hear will be...



Oh, my god.

This is *Hell's Kitchen*. That means--



Move, Maya!





I hope to god he's sticking close to his usual territory tonight.

DAREDEVIL!

Have to get ahead of these things. He'll be able to hear the music from a mile away.

DAREDEVIL!

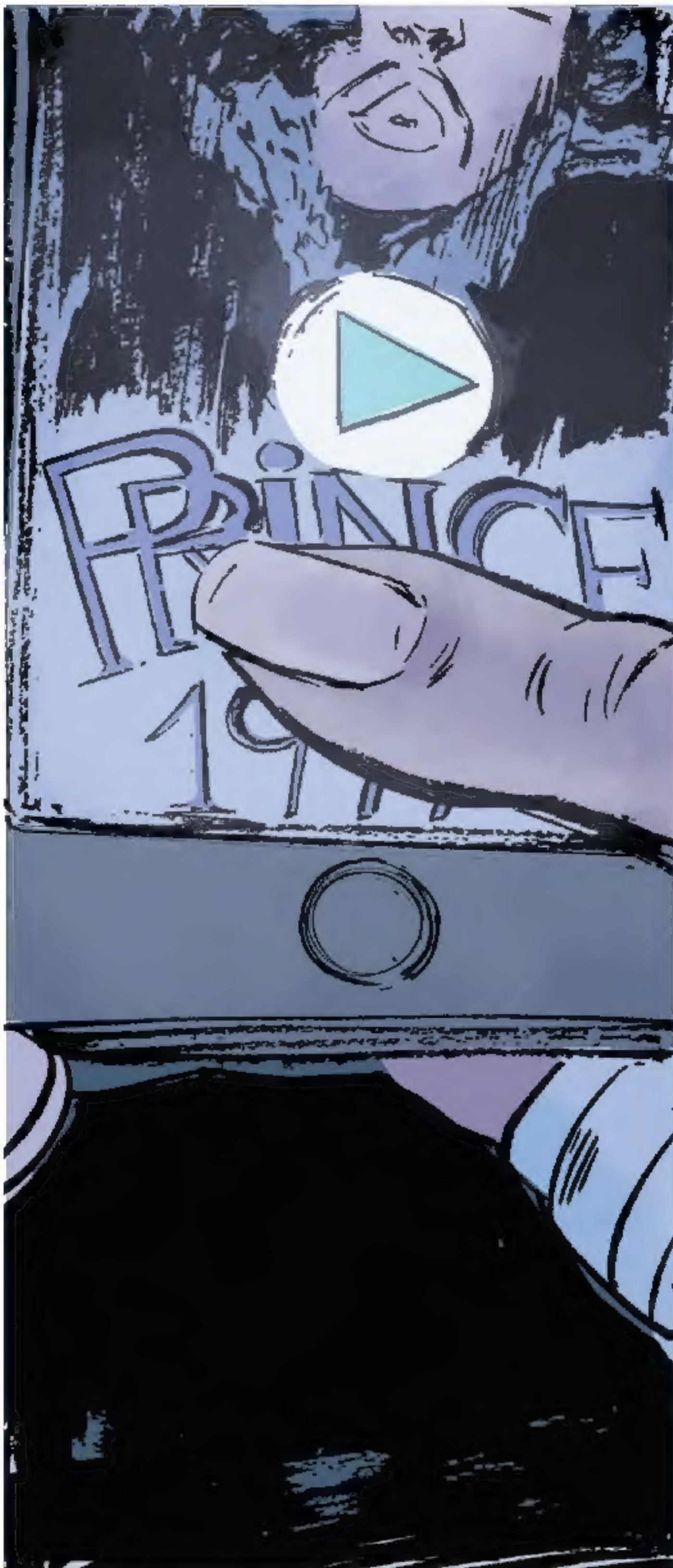
Where *are* you, man?

DAREDEVIL!

Where *are* you?

DAREDEVIL!









PLEASE...  
PLEASE...

CAN  
YOU TURN THIS  
DOWN? I'VE GOT  
PRETTY SENSITIVE  
HEARING.

I KNOW,  
DAREDEVIL.  
THAT'S WHY I'M  
HERE. YOU CAN'T  
TAKE THEM  
OFF.

NOT UNTIL  
WE KNOW IT'S  
SAFE.

STAY  
HERE, OKAY?  
I'M GONNA  
CHECK.

They're  
past us. I think  
it's okay.

I hope.

OKAY,  
YOU CAN  
TAKE THEM  
OFF.





THE CITY...  
I CAN'T HEAR  
ANYTHING. THERE'S  
NO ONE DOWN THERE.  
NO PEOPLE, NO  
TRAFFIC...I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND.

WHAT'S  
HAPPENING,  
ECHO?

IT'S  
AN ATTACK.  
SOMETHING  
TO DO WITH  
SOUND.

OR MUSIC,  
MAYBE. I WAS  
AT A CONCERT, AND  
A SONG SEEMED TO  
TRANSFORM EVERYONE  
IN THE AUDIENCE  
INTO THESE  
CREATURES.

I COULDN'T  
HEAR IT, SO IT  
DIDN'T AFFECT ME,  
BUT EACH OF THESE  
THINGS MAKES MORE--  
I THINK THEY'RE SENDING  
OUT THE SAME SONG,  
JUST HEADING OUT  
ACROSS THE CITY  
ROLLING EVERYONE  
UP.



THAT'S  
WHY I DID  
THE THING WITH  
THE HEADPHONES.  
I KNOW YOU HAVE  
SUPERHUMAN  
HEARING. I  
THOUGHT MAYBE  
IF I BLOCKED  
IT OUT...



THANK  
YOU, ECHO.  
YOU SAVED  
ME.

THESE  
THINGS...THESE  
CREATURES...



...DID  
THEY HAVE  
A SPEAKER  
CONE FOR ONE  
OF THEIR  
HANDS?

YES,  
JUST LIKE  
THAT. HOW  
DID YOU  
KNOW?

KLAW.



HE'S A BEING  
MADE OF LIVING SOUND.  
HE WAS HUMAN ONCE, A LONG  
TIME AGO--ULYSSES KLAW.  
NOW...HE'S SOMETHING  
ELSE.

HE APPEARS  
FROM TIME TO  
TIME, TRYING TO...  
PROPAGATE, LIKE A  
VIRUS. THIS MUST  
BE HIS LATEST  
ATTEMPT.

WELL, IT'S  
WORKING, HE TOOK  
OVER THIS ENTIRE PART  
OF THE CITY. THE KLAW'S  
WERE HEADED NORTH,  
TOWARDS CENTRAL  
PARK.



OKAY. THEN  
LET'S GO THE  
OTHER WAY.

BROOKLYN  
OR BUST.



**BROOKLYN.**  
CADMAN PLAZA.

THERE. THAT'S  
WHERE WE NEED  
TO GO.

DID YOU  
MISS ALL THE  
KLAWS OUT  
FRONT?

NO. THAT'S  
WHAT MAKES ME  
SURE I'VE GOT THE  
RIGHT PLACE. IF THEY  
DON'T WANT US IN  
THERE, IT'S A  
GOOD SIGN.

OKAY.  
ANY IDEAS ABOUT  
HOW WE'LL GET  
IN THERE?

SURE.  
SHOULD BE A SNAP  
FOR YOU.

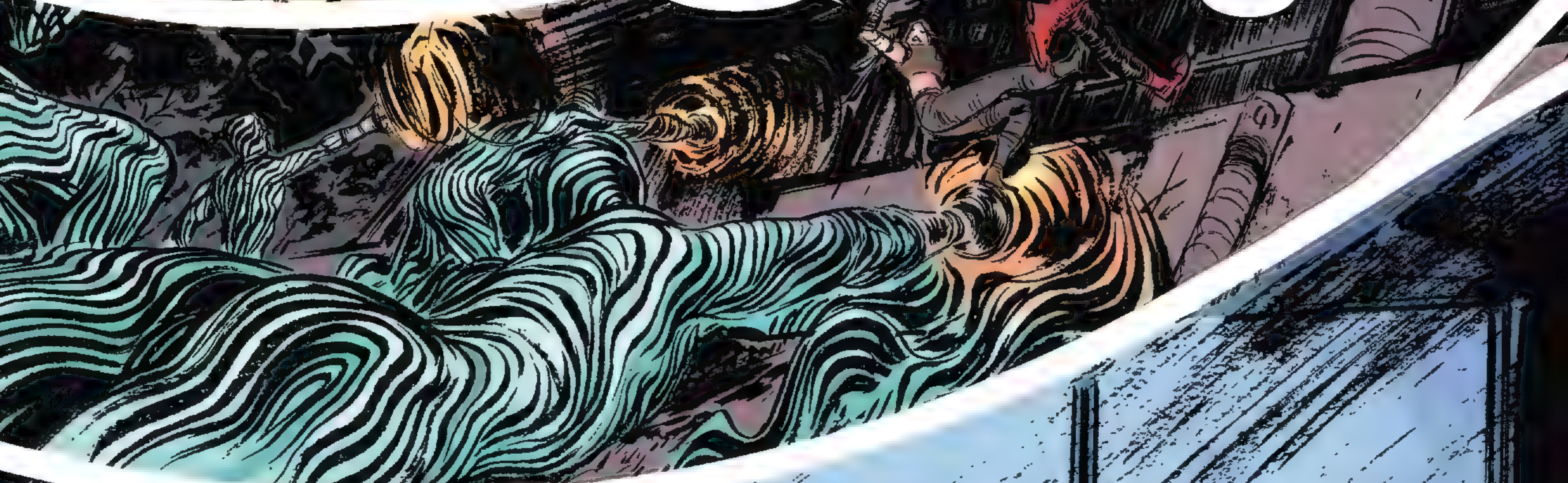
FOLLOW  
MY LEAD.





HOLD THE DOOR! I'LL FIND SOMETHING TO KEEP THEM OUT.

NNNF!



**OEM**  
NEW YORK CITY  
OFFICE of EMERGENCY MANAGEMENT

THERE, THAT SHOULD HOLD FOR A WHILE.

HOPEFULLY, LET'S GET UPSTAIRS.



THE  
EMERGENCY BROADCASTING  
SYSTEM?

YEAH, THEY  
CAN SEND AN AUDIO  
SIGNAL THROUGH ALMOST  
EVERY SPEAKER, PHONE,  
TV AND RADIO IN  
THE CITY.

NEW YORK CITY  
EMERGENCY BROADCASTING SYSTEM

OKAY...  
BUT WHAT  
SIGNAL?

STILL  
WORKING ON  
THAT.

ARE YOU...  
MY GOD, ARE YOU  
DAREDEVIL?

I AM.  
AND THIS IS  
ECHO.

HEY.

WE  
NEED YOUR  
HELP.

A CRIMINAL  
NAMED KLAU IS  
BROADCASTING AN  
AUDIO SIGNAL. ANYONE  
WHO HEARS IT FALLS  
UNDER HIS CONTROL.  
IT'S SPREADING  
LIKE A VIRUS.

WHAT? WHY  
HAVEN'T I...THAT  
SOUNDS LIKE ONE  
HELL OF AN EMERGENCY.  
YOU'D THINK SOMEONE  
WOULD HAVE CALLED  
TO ACTIVATE THE  
SYSTEM.

WHOEVER  
NORMALLY CALLS  
YOU MIGHT ALREADY  
HAVE BEEN TAKEN. IT'S  
MOVING REALLY  
FAST.



HOW CAN  
I HELP?

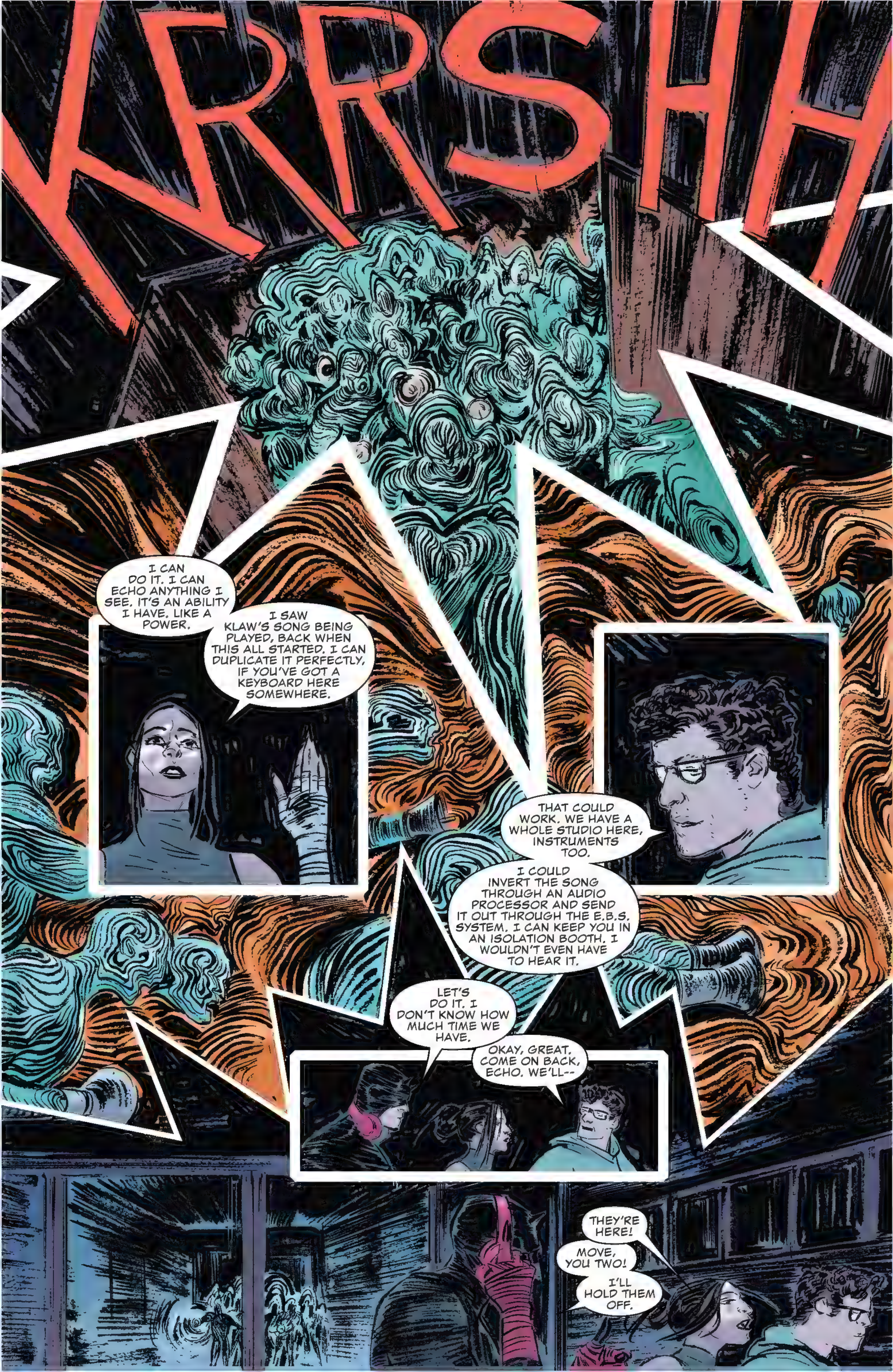
THESE ARE NOISE-CANCELLING HEADPHONES.  
THEY WORK BY TAKING IN A FREQUENCY  
AND GENERATING ITS EXACT OPPOSITE  
WAVEFORM TO CANCEL OUT BOTH  
SOUNDS, RIGHT?

YEAH, I SEE  
WHERE YOU'RE GOING.  
IF WE COULD SEND OUT THE  
OPPOSITE OF KLAU'S SIGNAL, IT  
WOULD SHUT IT DOWN--BUT WE'D  
NEED THE ORIGINAL SIGNAL  
TO INVERT.

AND  
EVEN IF WE  
HAD THE SIGNAL,  
WORKING WITH IT  
MIGHT CONVERT  
US.

I JUST  
DON'T SEE  
HOW...





I CAN  
DO IT. I CAN  
ECHO ANYTHING I  
SEE. IT'S AN ABILITY  
I HAVE. LIKE A  
POWER.

I SAW  
KLAW'S SONG BEING  
PLAYED, BACK WHEN  
THIS ALL STARTED. I CAN  
DUPLICATE IT PERFECTLY,  
IF YOU'VE GOT A  
KEYBOARD HERE  
SOMEWHERE.

THAT COULD  
WORK. WE HAVE A  
WHOLE STUDIO HERE,  
INSTRUMENTS  
TOO.

I COULD  
INVERT THE SONG  
THROUGH AN AUDIO  
PROCESSOR AND SEND  
IT OUT THROUGH THE E.B.S.  
SYSTEM. I CAN KEEP YOU IN  
AN ISOLATION BOOTH. I  
WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE  
TO HEAR IT.

LET'S  
DO IT. I  
DON'T KNOW HOW  
MUCH TIME WE  
HAVE.

OKAY, GREAT.  
COME ON BACK,  
ECHO. WE'LL--

THEY'RE  
HERE!  
MOVE,  
YOU TWO!  
I'LL  
HOLD THEM  
OFF.

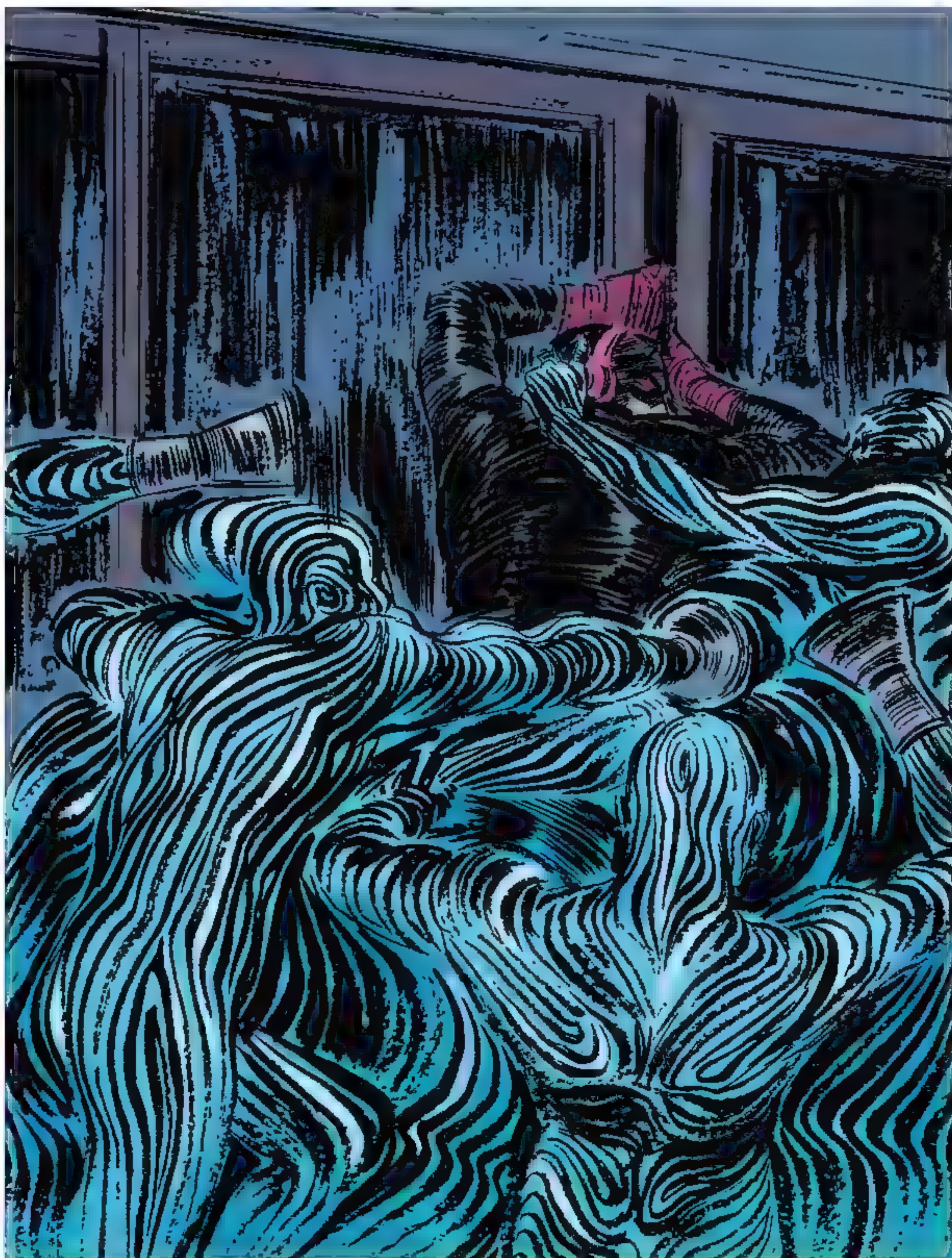
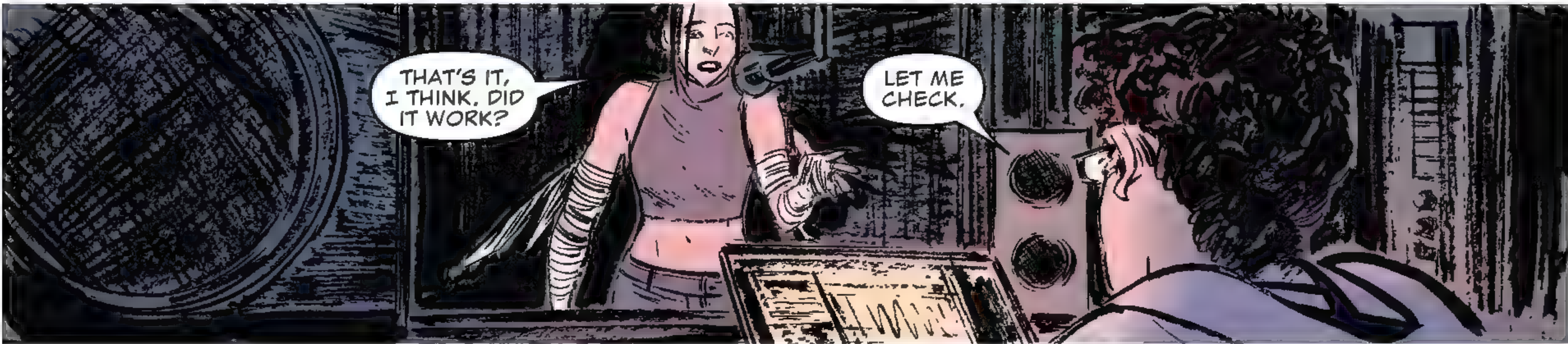




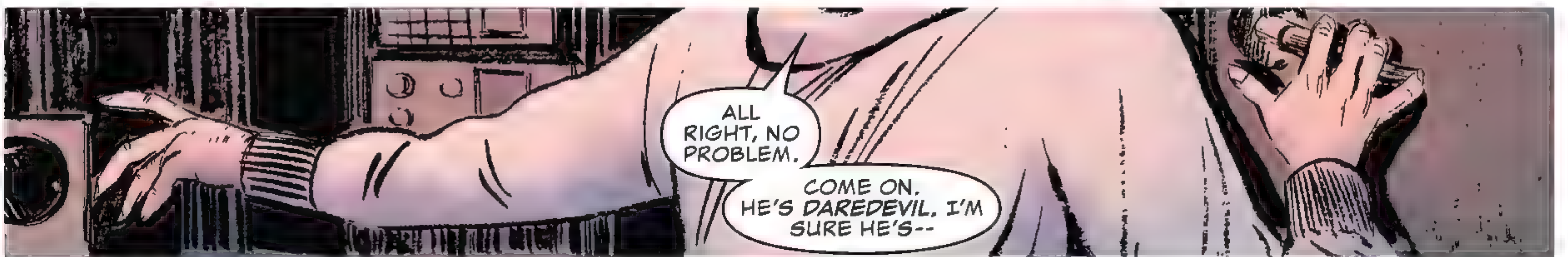




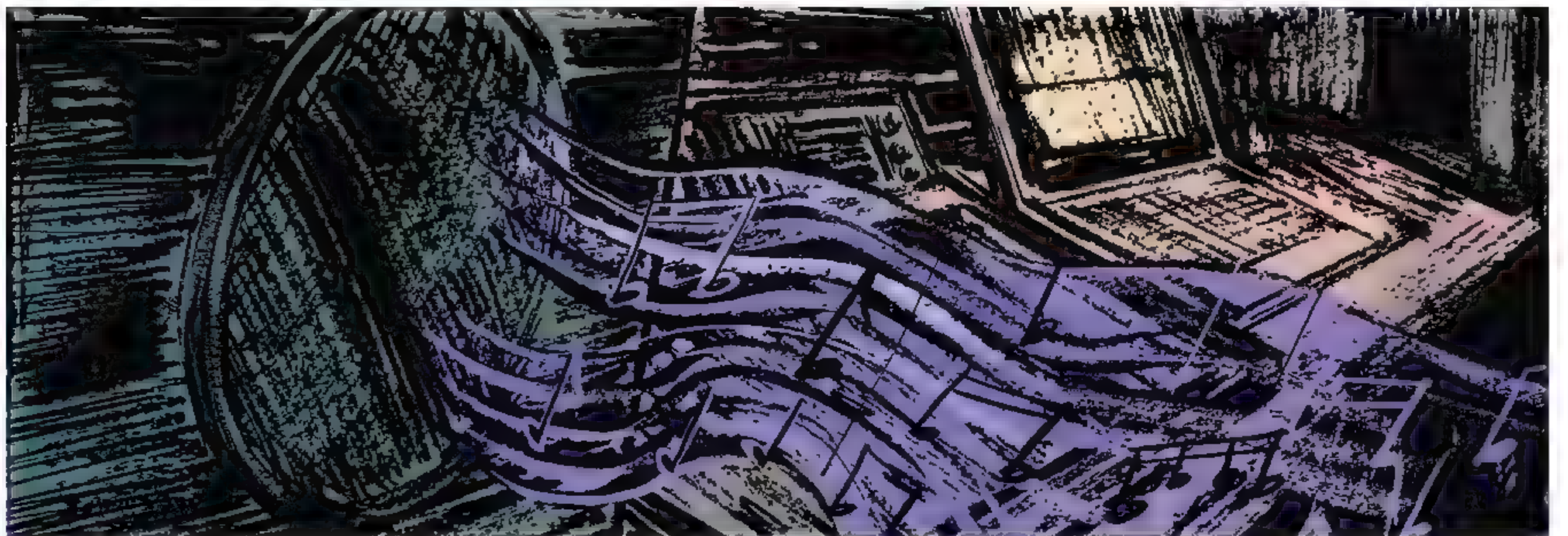
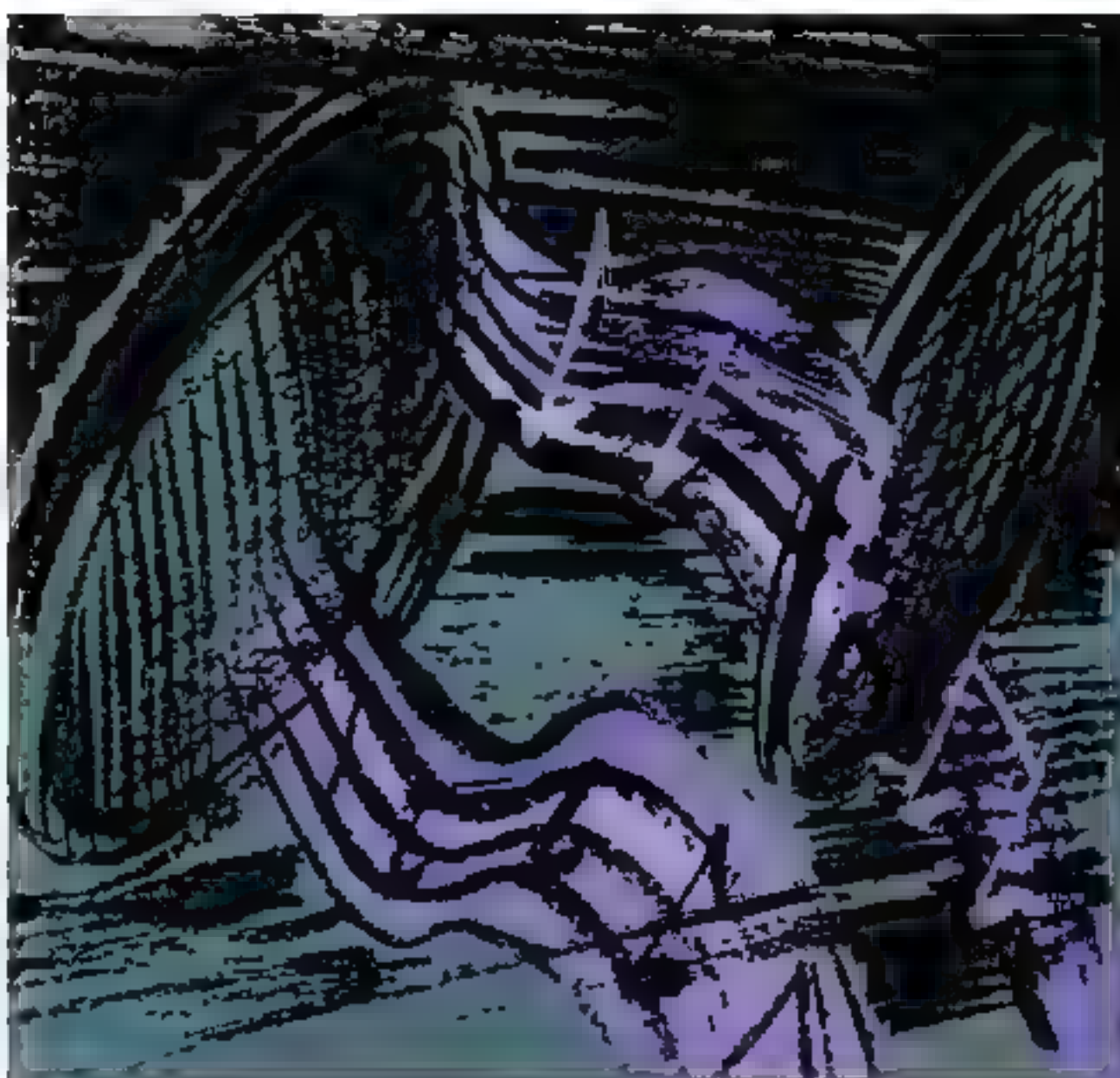
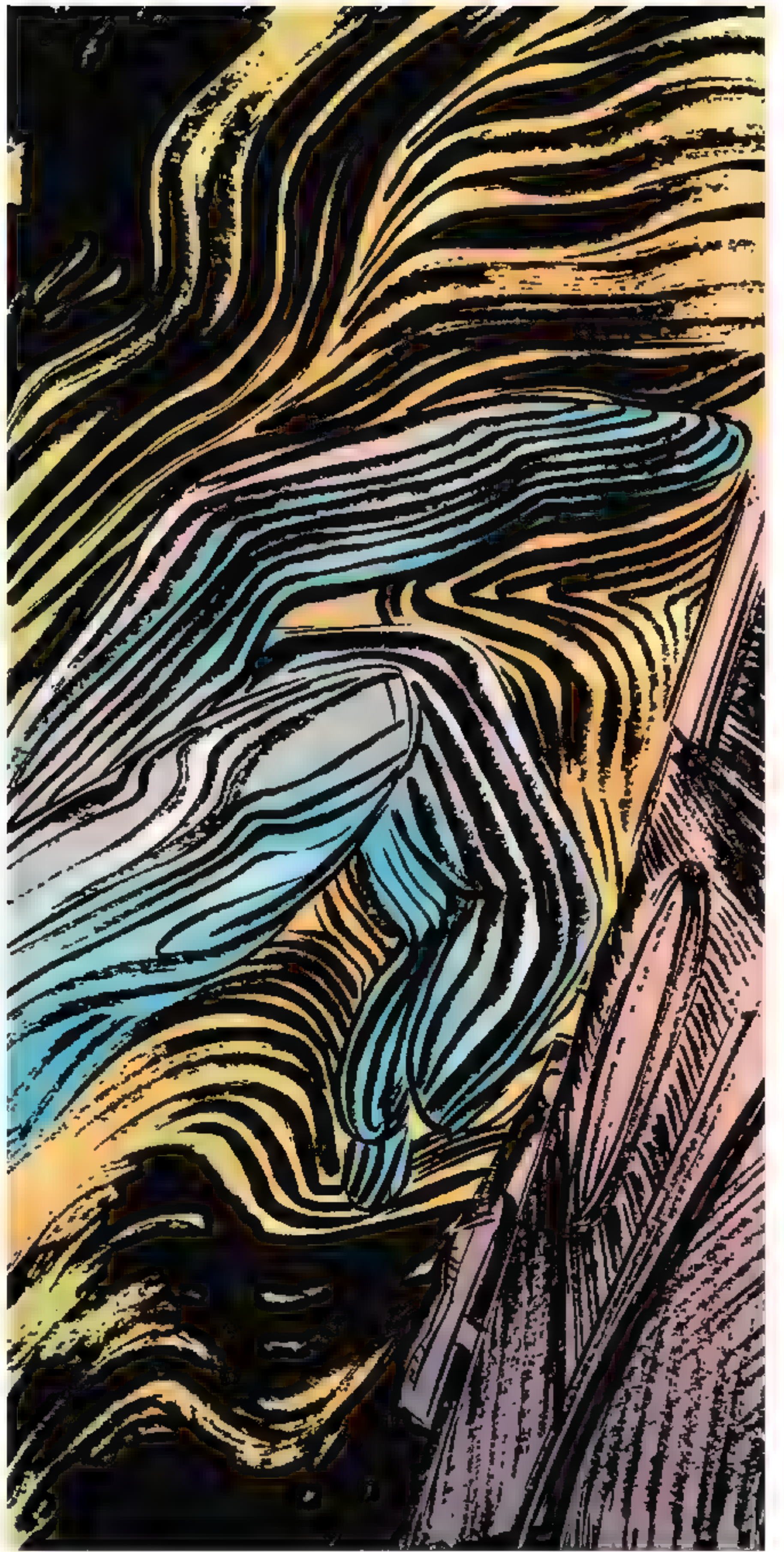




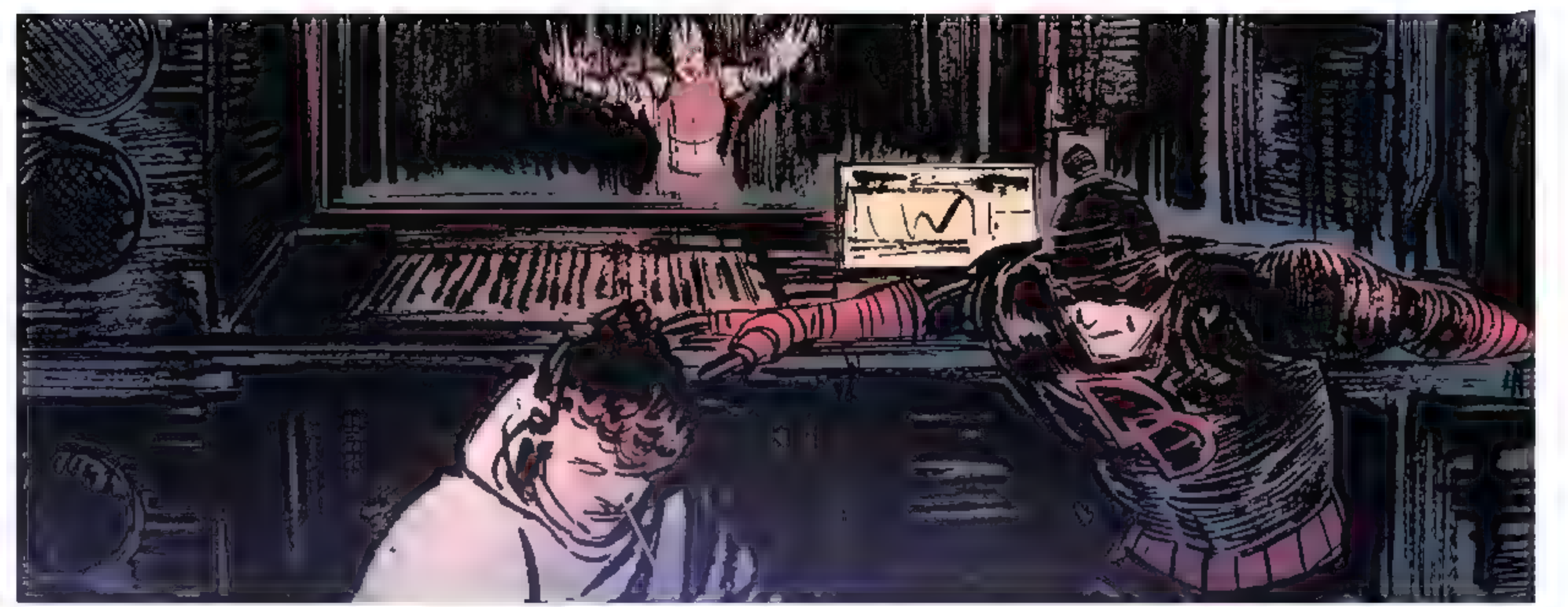
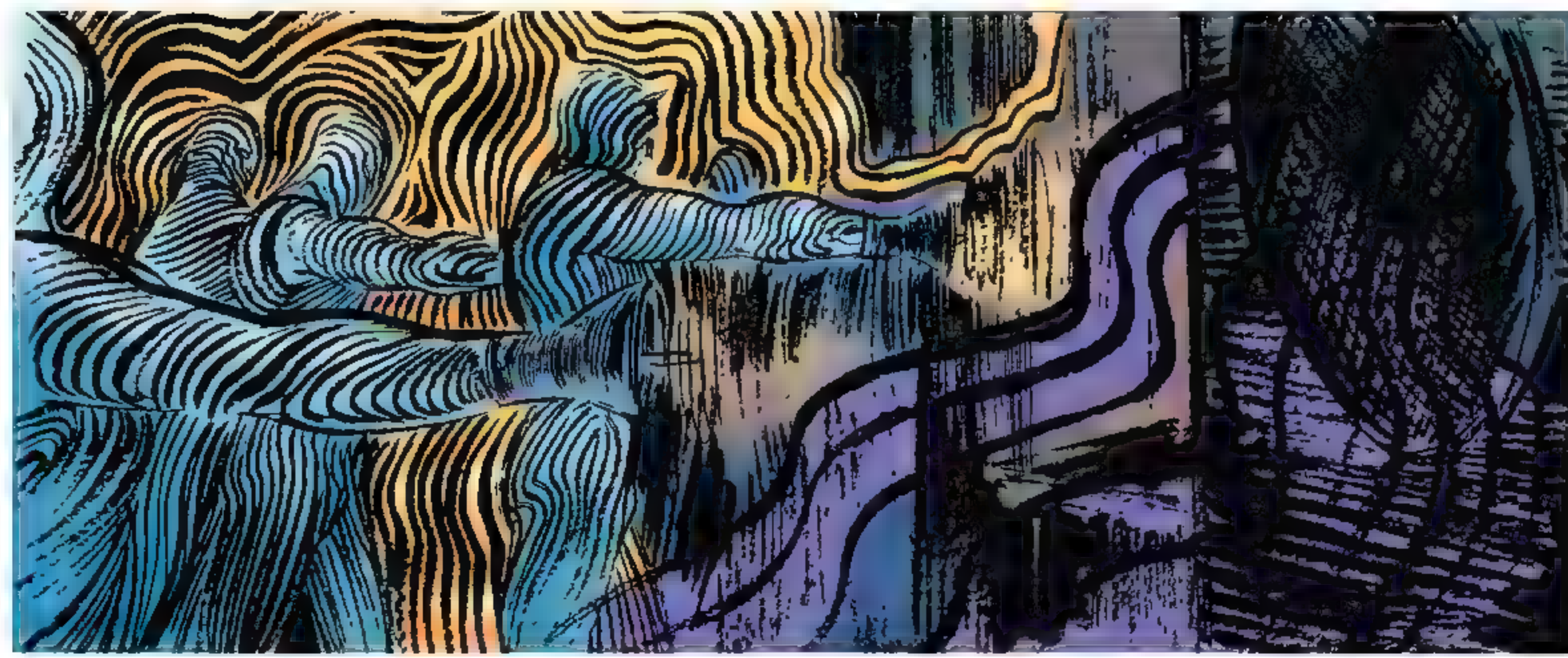






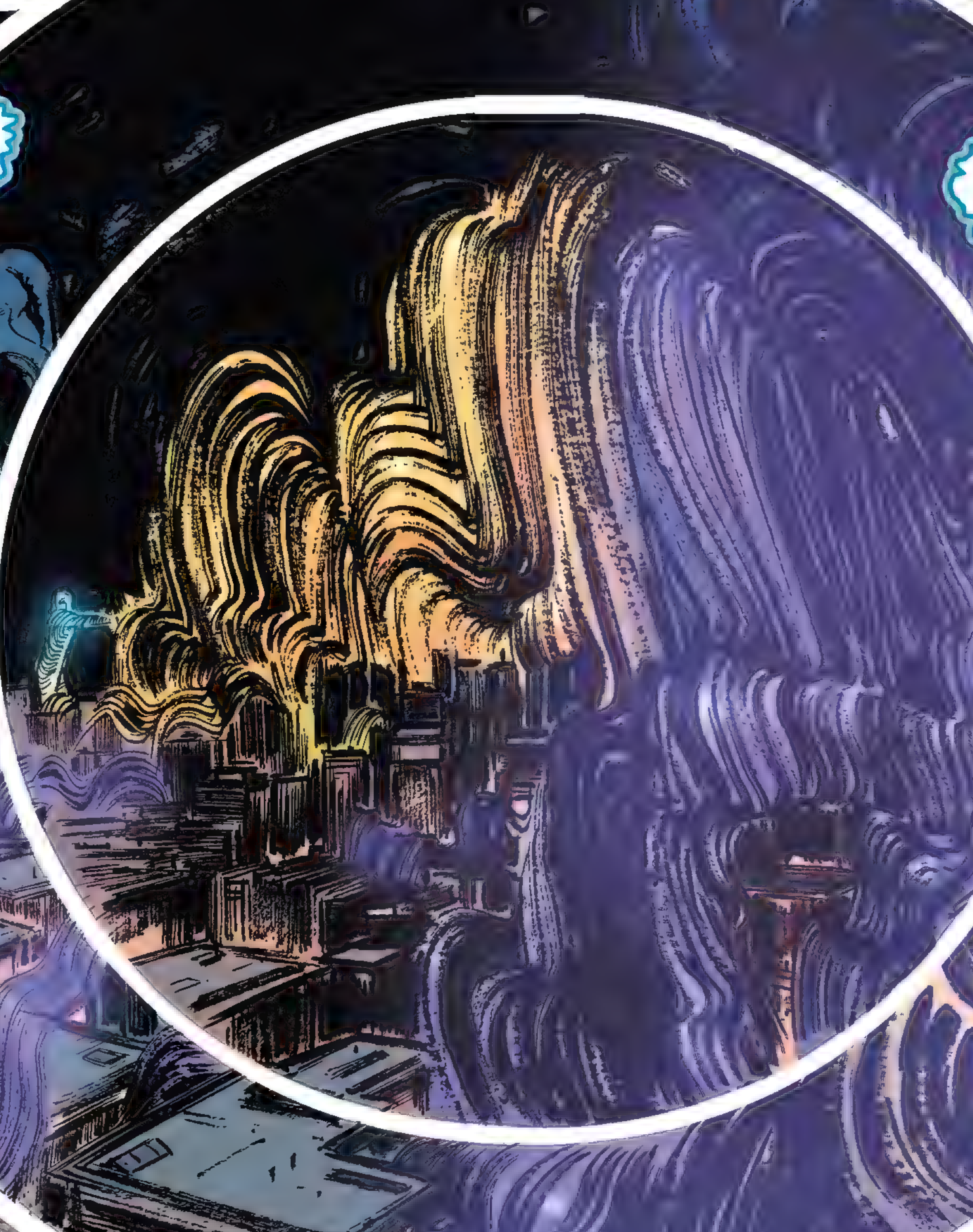






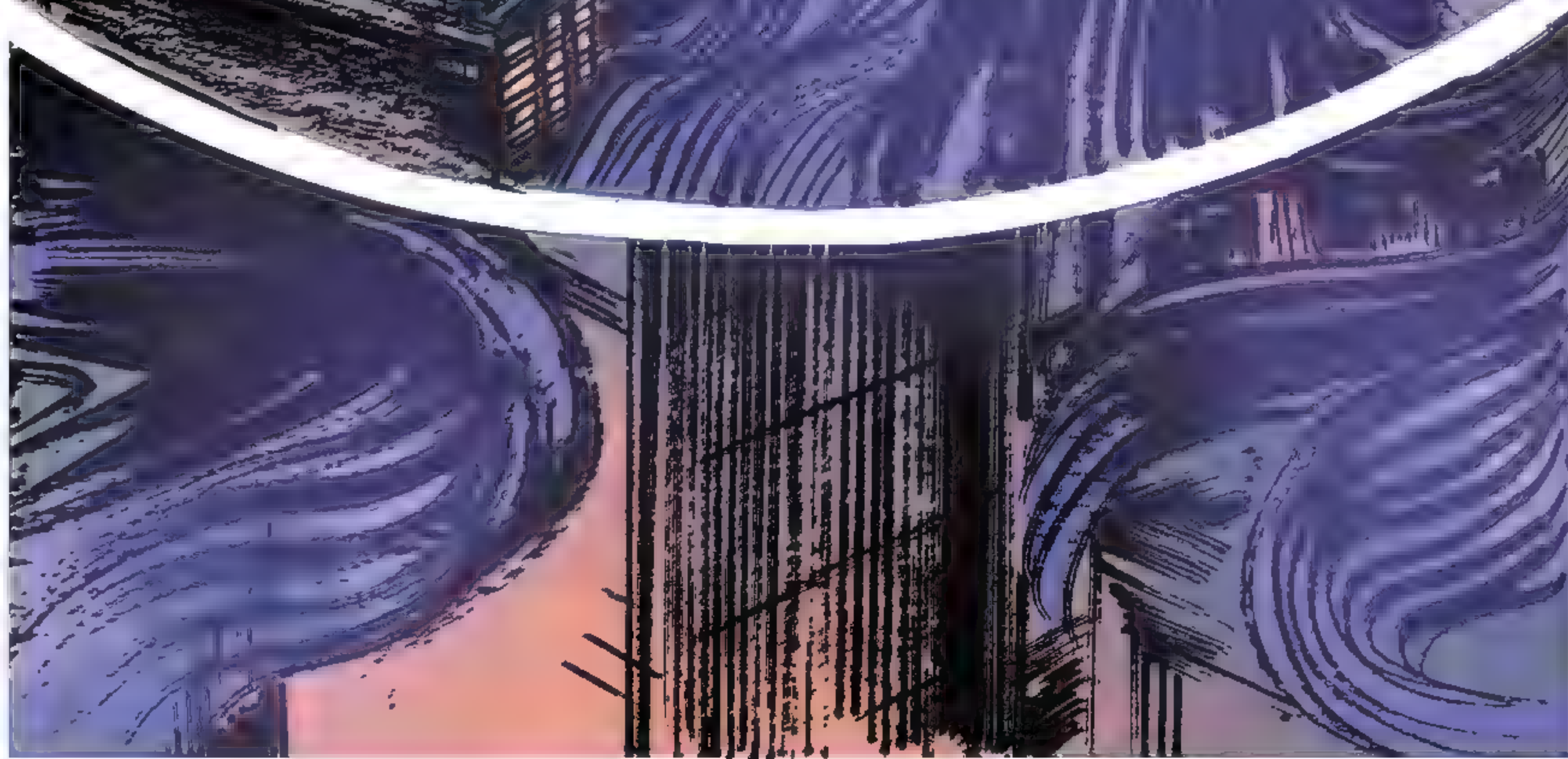
HEAR ME NOW!

HEAR THE NEW SOUND!

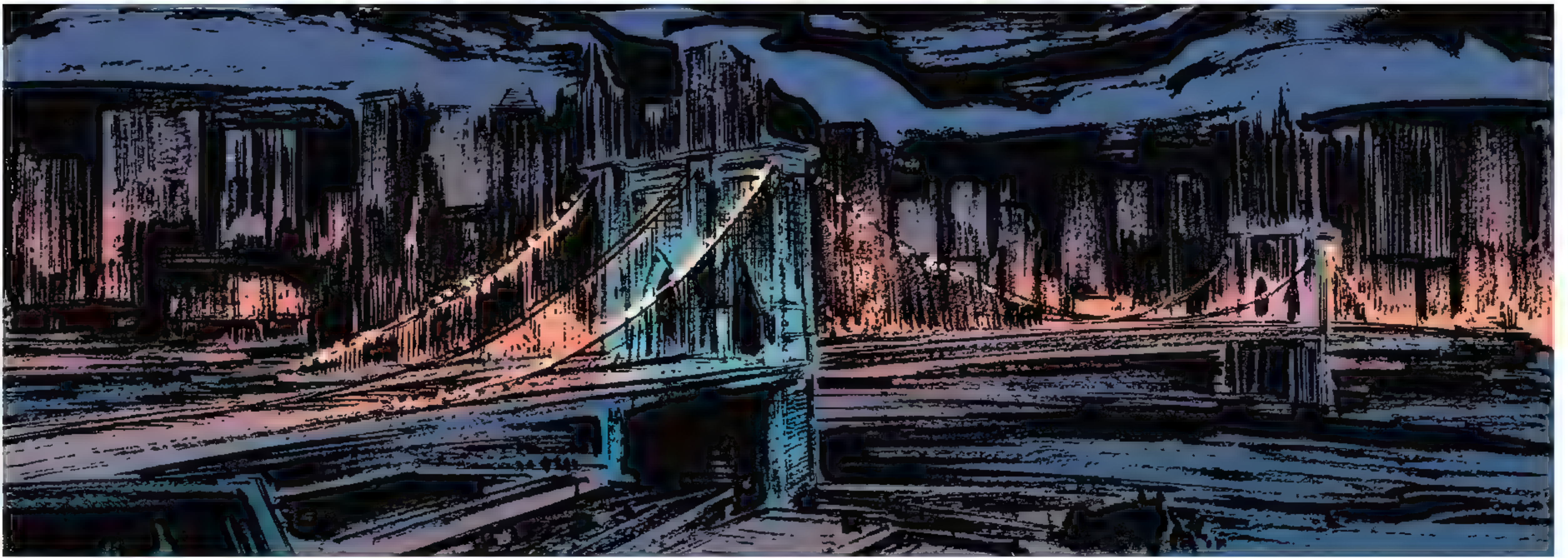


NO! I AM THE MUSIC AND THE LIFE! I AM KL--

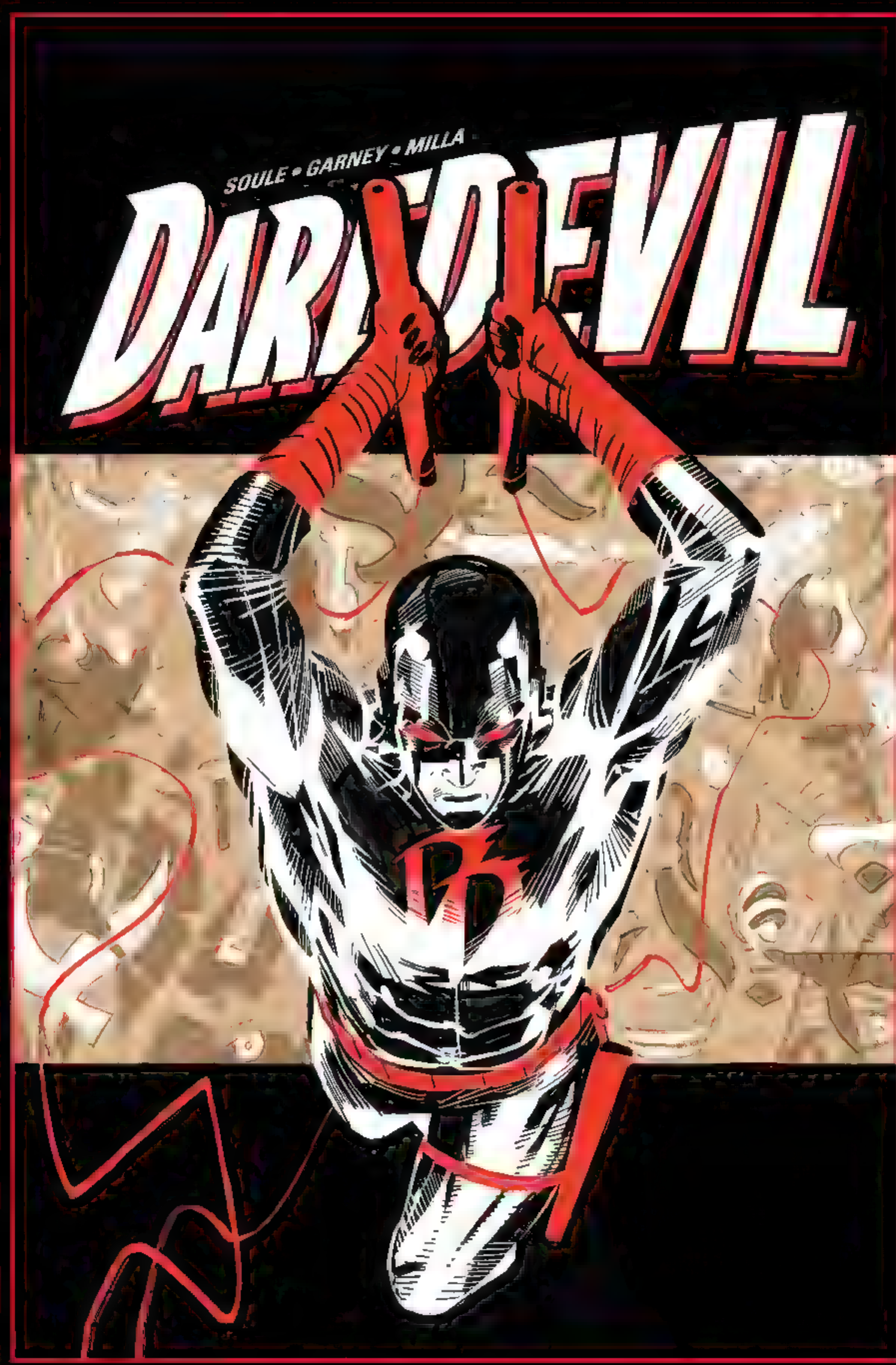
NNNNYAARGH!











**SOULE • GARNEY • MILLA**

HEY, TRUE BELIEVERS! IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE I'D HAD THE PLEASURE OF SCRIPTING A DAREDEVIL TALE. SOME 30 YEARS, IN FACT. I THOUGHT I WOULD NEVER HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO RETURN, NOT JUST TO MARVEL, BUT TO THE PAGES OF EVERYONE'S FAVORITE MAN WITHOUT FEAR! BUT I WAS WRONG.

I OWE A HUGE DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, BRIAN OVERTON FOR REACHING OUT TO ME, SENIOR EDITOR MARK PANICCIA AND ASSISTANT EDITOR CHRIS ROBINSON, FOR NOT ONLY WELCOMING ME BACK INTO THE FOLD BUT MAKING MY RETURN MOST ENJOYABLE.

FOR LONGTIME FANS WHO REMEMBER MY WORK, I HOPE I HAVEN'T LET YOU DOWN. FOR NEW READERS, PLEASE BE KIND. AND TO EVERYONE, FACE FRONT AND... 'NUFF SAID!

-RAMBLIN' ROGER MCKENZIE

## FRAGMENTS

**ROGER MCKENZIE**  
WRITER

**BEN TORRES**  
ARTIST

**MIROSLAV MRVA**  
COLOR ARTIST

VC's CLAYTON COWLES LETTERER  
CHRIS ROBINSON ASST. EDITOR  
MARK PANICCIA EDITOR

AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF  
JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER  
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER  
ALAN FINE EXEC. PRODUCER



WE WERE BORN FRAGMENTS  
OF DEATH AND RELENTLESS PAIN.

SHATTERING PAIN THAT  
SPLINTERED US ALL.

EVEN HIM.

ESPECIALLY HIM.

GLADIATOR.

AND NOW THAT HE HAS  
TASTED BLOOD, THERE CAN  
BE NO TURNING BACK...

# FRAGMENTS

RAMBLIN' ROGER MCKENZIE WRITER  
TORRID BEN TORRES ARTIST  
MEAN MIROSLAV MRVA COLOR ARTIST



TWO DAYS AGO...



KASMAASH



YOU COULD HAVE KNOCKED. I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.

THEN YOU KNOW WHY I'M HERE, POTTER.

OF COURSE. REVENGE. PAYBACK.

WE AREN'T IGNORANT...

...OR DEFENSELESS...



RRRR...RRRR...RRRR...RRRR

BOSS SAID KILL YOU SLOW, PAINFUL, LIKE WE DID YOUR WIFE, AND CHILDREN.

I'LL ENJOY THIS, TOO.

KRAK









ONE DAY AGO...

**CORONER**  
FRANKIE MULLER M.D.

SO, DOC.  
WHAT'S THIS  
HAVE TO DO  
WITH ME?



PROBABLY  
NOTHING,  
MATT...

...BUT YOU  
DEFENDED  
SOLIE MILLIGAN  
A FEW YEARS  
BACK, DIDN'T  
YOU?

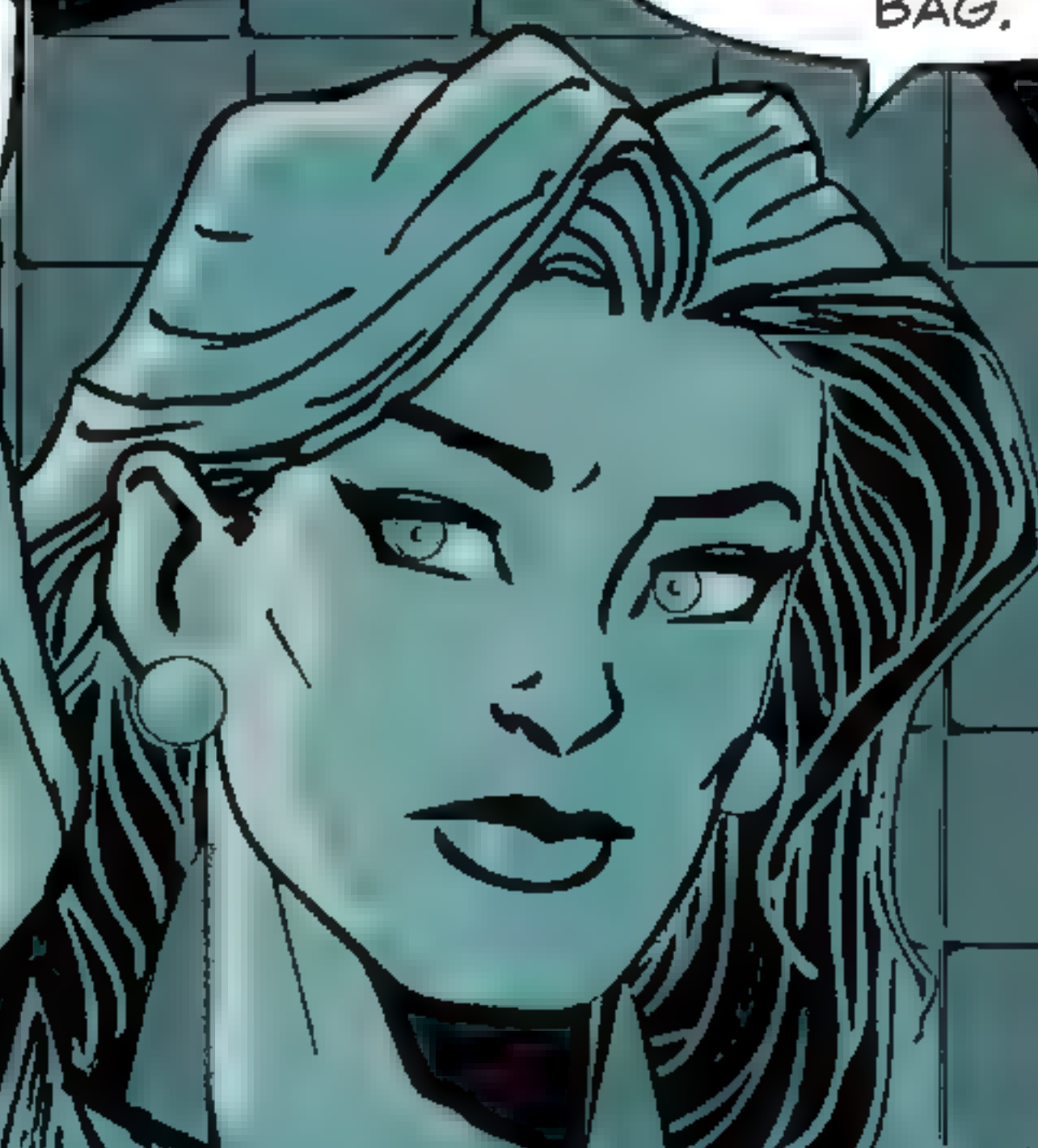
"SAPS" MILLIGAN? YEAH. TWO-BIT  
THUG, WANNABE HIT MAN. REAL  
PIECE OF WORK.

WHAT SORT  
OF TROUBLE'S  
HE IN *THIS*  
TIME?

HIS  
TROUBLES ARE OVER,  
COUNSELOR.



HE TURNED  
UP ON OUR FRONT  
STEPS EARLY THIS  
MORNING. FRAGMENTS  
IN A TRASH  
BAG.



I SEWED  
HIM BACK  
TOGETHER AS  
BEST I  
COULD.

SOMEONE  
TOOK HIS  
HEART...

...AND  
LEFT A CALLING  
CARD...



12 HOURS AGO...

HEY! EASY,  
PAL!

WHAT'D  
I DO THIS  
TIME?

IT AIN'T  
WHAT YOU'VE  
DONE, IT'S WHAT  
YOU'RE ABOUT  
TO DO.

BOSS IS  
LOOKIN' FOR  
POTTER. YOU'RE  
GONNA TELL ME  
WHERE HE'S  
HIDIN'.

POTTER?  
HOW THE HELL  
SHOULD I  
KNOW?

BECAUSE  
YOU'RE EITHER  
MIXED UP IN EVERY  
DIRTY DEAL THAT GOES  
DOWN IN HELL'S  
KITCHEN...

...OR  
YOU KNOW  
WHO IS.

HERE'S HOW  
THIS WORKS. YOU  
TALK, I LISTEN.

I LIKE  
WHAT I HEAR,  
YOU GET TO STAY  
OUTTA THE E.R.  
TONIGHT.

THERE IS  
ANOTHER OPTION,  
PUNK.











POTTER...  
PLEASE, LISTEN  
TO REASON.

RRRRRR

BRRRRRR

SAA  
AAK

DON'T  
MAKE THIS MORE  
DIFFICULT THAN IT  
HAS TO BE.

IT'S  
NOT TOO  
LATE.

IT WILL  
NEVER BE  
TOO LATE TO MAKE  
THEM PAY FOR  
WHAT THEY'VE  
DONE!

RRRRRRRRRR

BRRR  
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

ALL THE  
DEMONS IN HELL  
WILL NOT STOP  
US, DEVIL.

NEITHER  
WILL YOU!









**SIX MONTHS LATER...**

THE STILLMAN PSYCHIATRIC  
HOSPITAL, UPSTATE NEW YORK.

THE DOCTORS HERE  
THINK THEIR DRUGS  
CAN KEEP US DOCILE.

COMPLACENT.

CALM.

THE DOCTORS  
HERE ARE FOOLS.

IT IS SIMPLY A  
MATTER OF TIME.

AND WHEN THAT TIME  
COMES...AS IT MOST  
CERTAINLY MUST...

...NONE OF US WILL  
BE ABLE TO STOP HIM...

...EVEN IF WE  
WANT TO...

**THE END.**



